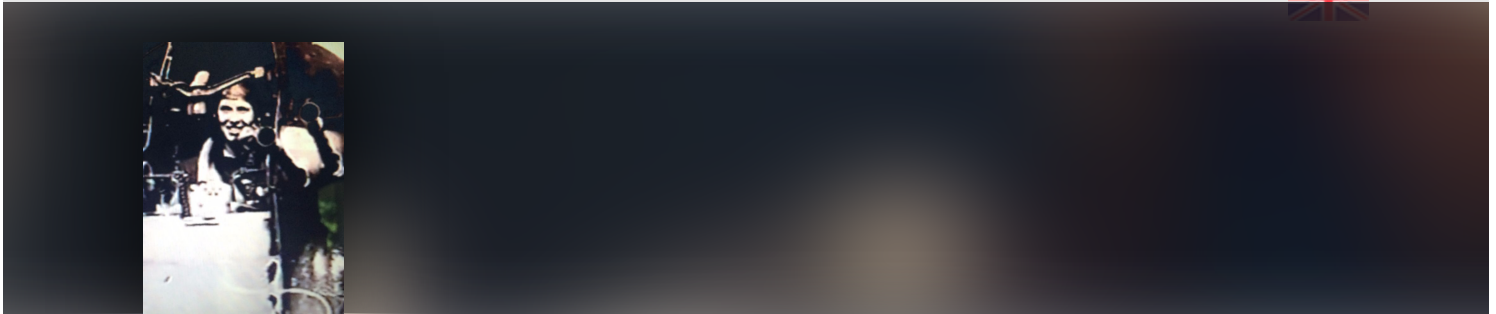




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The Machine



👁 44 ✓ 0 ★ 1

Chapter 1 by Kyra

It was just a job. Three years of watching her through that machine. Maybe a little part of me fell in love with her, because I wished she knew who I was. I wished she could recognize me in the street, smile at me as I passed. I wished she would talk to me and debate the world. I wished she would see me as a friend. Until she did know who I was. Then I wished I could hide from her forever. She knew what I was part of. She knew what I had done. She knew I had dragged her into it.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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